Then to ſuſpition.
Oth. I will not.
Iag. Should you doe ſo my Lord,
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſſe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Caſsio's* my worthy friend:
My Lord, I ſee you are moou'd,
Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Deſdemona's* honeſt.
Iag. Long liue ſhe ſo, and long liue you to thinke ſo.
Oth. And yet how nature erring from it ſelfe.
Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many propoſed matches,
Of her owne clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may ſmell in ſuch a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportion, thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in poſition,
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, if more.
Thou doeſt perceiue, let me know more, ſet on
Thy wife to obſerue: leaue me *Iago*.
Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.
Oth. Why did I marry? This honeſt creature doubtleſſe
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.
Iag My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,
To ſcan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
And though tis fit that *Caſsio* haue his place,
(For ſure he fills it vp with great ability,)
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that, perceiue him and his meanes;
Note if your Lady ſtraine her entertainement,
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity,
Much will be ſeene in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
(As worthy cauſe I haue, to feare I am:)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BODLEIAN LIBRA